

# THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

## OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.—*Holy writ.*

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—*Francis Wayland.*

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—*John Pierpont.*

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infatuated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—*Samuel Spring.*

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tippers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the chief man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—*Wilbur Fisk, D. D.*

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men. \* \* \*

Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—*Justin Edwards, D. D.*

You create paupers, and lodge them in your almshouse—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—immure them

in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—*Dr. Thomas Sewall.*

You are filling your almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! *Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### AN UNEASY PREDICAMENT.

We were the witnesses of a ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk and laboring assiduously with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly "frightened from our propriety" by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming, "For God's sake, help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half-frightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated, that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of suspicion mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" at last asked we.

"The matter!" he exclaimed, "oh help me!—I've got something here, which has just ran up my leg! Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, I can't let go! I must hold it. Ah, there!" he shrieked! "I felt it move just then! Oh, these pants without straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. Ah! I feel it again!"

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's "unmentionables," as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman: "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that pile of old rubbish there, in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning, and it stopped just here, where I have my hand," and he clenched his fist still more tightly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda we believe he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the newboys had come in: the clerks and packing-boys hearing the outcry stopped working, and editors and all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fitz," said we, and let the gentleman be seated.

"Oh I can't sit!" said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee!—if I do, it will bite or sting me; no I can't sit!"

"Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out and we'll see what it is you've got."

"Well let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life by this time, this last effort must have killed it. He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker.

A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside my drawers. It's alive too—I feel it!—Quick!—give me the knife again!"—Another incision was made. In went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and, lo! out came—his wife's stocking!

How the stocking ever got there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was; and such a laugh as followed, we have not heard for many a day.—Our friend, we know

has told the joke himself and must pardon us for doing so. Thought this is all about a stocking, we assure our readers it is no "yarn."—*N. O. Picayune.*

## From the United States Journal. SARATOGA.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Is this the forest where the Indian strayed?  
The desert where, in his wild pomp arrayed  
He strode majestic o'er the mountain height,  
Or sat in counsel by his altars bright?  
Where beasts of prey prowled round with glaring eye,  
Where the bald Eagle sought his cry high,  
In rocky cliffs to find his young a nest,  
With the rich plumage waving on his crest?

This the dense grove, where the brave Uncas lay,  
When from the spring, he brushed the leaves away?

Drank from the fountain, flowing clear and sweet,  
In liquid murmurs at his brawny feet?  
Here, where the sisters, wearied and oppressed,  
In beauty slumbered on each other's breast?  
The favored spot, where Cooper's muse awoke,  
His finest effort, and his master stroke?  
Where trees umbrageous, lent their friendly shade,  
And waived in concert o'er each sleeping maid?

The battle field, where warriors nobly bled,  
Where freedom hovered o'er her valiant dead;  
Where Liberty drank up the crimson stain,  
From martyred Heroes, on the ensanguined plain,  
Caught the last murmur of their spartan breath,  
Wiped their chill brows, and cheered their souls in death.

Twined the green laurels round the dauntless brow,  
And sung their dirge with winds that whisper low.

Behold the throngs that tread the enamelled ground,  
Age, youth, and childhood, with its joyous bound;  
While wealth and splendor greet the admiring eye,

And fountains play beneath a cloudless sky.  
See beauty 'neath a thousand lights display,  
Her brilliant charms and tempt the soul astray.  
See lovers linger by the purling streams,  
And whisper low their bosom's wildest dreams.  
Breathe in soft paths to the listening ear,  
The pulses quick'ning, with delicious fear,  
'Wildering the mind with visions light as air,  
As vain as false, and false, as they are fair.

And here, the lone forsaken heart, with grief  
O'erwhelmed—distressed—seeks as its last relief,  
The cheering spring in sparkling ripples drest,  
To heal the wound that rankles in her breast,  
Inflicted there, by one, she loved too well,  
Who broke her heart, and like a demon fell.

See fathers, mothers, haste with eager pride  
Where pomp and fashion, like a rolling tide  
Bear all along, and with a fairy hand,  
Beckon them forth to the enchanted land.  
Where age departs, the weakened nerves grow strong,

Beneath the melody of mirth and song.  
The moon's pale beams reflect their silvery light,  
As day departs for happier, lovelier night.  
When the bland zephyrs murmuring thro' the trees,

Toss the light curls that wanton on the breeze.  
Fan soft the brow of beauty, as they feel,  
Love's thrilling transports o'er their senses steal.  
Where bloom the flowers, where the green wood-bines creep,

Perfume the air, and bring ambrosial sleep.  
Where all that art, or nature can bestow,  
To tempt the taste and make the passions glow,  
Are spread luxuriant on the lighted board,  
And rich oblations to the springs are poured.

Here, well told tales beguile each lingering hour,  
(If ought are here,) which in their magic power,  
Bring the delights, the scenes of other days,  
And hearts transported, list the Minstrel's lays.

Here stands the Minister of God, whose soul  
Weeps oft in secret, o'er the world's control;  
Weeps, when he sees the thoughtless gaily slide,  
Down the deep vortex, in the whirling tide,  
'Mid thousand streams, that rush towards that bourne,

That boundless Ocean, whence there's no return.

Can death be here, amid so fair a throng?  
Finds he admittance 'mid the jest and song?  
Are any ready, his grim face to meet?  
Exchange their dresses, for the winding sheet?  
Lay by their diamonds, and their gems, to rest,  
Their stiffened forms on earth's cold dreamless breast?

Ready, or not—the morn or midnight hour,  
The dewy eve, or noon day's quiet bower,  
Will list the wild wail, rising from the soul,  
As fate's dark waters, o'er the senses roll;  
As life departs yielding the vital breath  
To him who conquers all—Insatiate Death!  
*Sag Harbor, L. I., December, 1845.*

The new Presbyterian church at Mount Holly N. J., was dedicated on Wednesday last.

Is there no other way of bringing home a wandering sheep but by worrying it to death?

Robert Troud tumbled into the East River last Saturday while intoxicated. He was rescued.

## FIRST SESSION—29TH CONGRESS.

### SENATE.

THURSDAY, December 17, 1845.

The resolutions of Mr. Allen in relation to Oregon, were presented; they were objected to, and lie over under the rule.

The subject of the French spoliation, was referred to a Select Committee, consisting of Messrs. Fairfield, Mangum, Dix, Sturgeon and Dayton.

Mr. Benton offered a resolution relative to paying the amount which would have been due the late Sergeant at Arms, to the family of the deceased, which was passed.

Mr. Haywood remarked that there was a message from the President upon the table, yet unopened, and he moved that the Senate now go into Executive session—which motion was adopted; after spending a short time in secret session, the Senate adjourned over until Monday.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

As soon as the Journal had been read, the House resumed the consideration of the motion of Mr. Levin, to refer the Massachusetts resolutions, asking an amendment of the naturalization laws, to a Select Committee, instead of to the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Levin having the floor, resumed his remarks from last evening, and spoke until the expiration of his hour, in reply to the speeches made against his motion.

Mr. Chase followed in favor of a reference to the Judiciary Committee, the members of which, he considered fully qualified to discharge the duty.

Mr. Bailey, after some general remarks, contended that the question of amending the naturalization laws belongs to the States, and not to the general government.

Mr. Bowlin gave a history of the Native American party, and denounced it as calculated to place a tax upon the adopted citizen. He earnestly hoped that the House would not sanction this doctrine by a report, because it would be helping them to carry fire and sword into the country.

Mr. Gordon eloquently advocated the cause of the adopted citizen, and quoted cases where, to his knowledge, native born citizens had accepted bribes at the ballot box, when naturalized voters had refused them.

He was followed in an able vindication of the rights of those who happened to be born abroad. He was still speaking when our paper went to press.

## The Rich Merchant by Book-keeping.

The Knickerbocker Magazine publishes the following authentic anecdote of an old New York merchant, whose name, were we permitted to mention it, would sound familiar in the ears of many of our metropolitan readers:

"In old times, it was the custom of the merchants of the city of New York to keep their accounts in pounds, shillings and pence currency. About fifty years ago, a frugal, industrious Scotch merchant, well known to the then small mercantile community of that city, had, by dint of fortunate commercial adventure and economy, been enabled to save something like four thousand pounds; a considerable sum of money at that period, and one which secured to its possessor a degree of enviable independence. His place of business and residence were, as was customary at that time, under the same roof. He had a clerk in his employment, whose reputation as an accountant inspired the utmost confidence of his master, whose frugal habits he emulated with the true spirit and feeling of a genuine Caledonian. It was usual for the accountant to make an annual balance sheet, for the inspection of his master, in order that he might see what had been the profits of his business for the past year. On this occasion, the balance sheet showed to the credit of the business six thousand pounds, which somewhat astonished the incredulous merchant. 'It canna be,' said he; 'ye had better count up agen. I dinna think I ha' had sae profitable a beensness as this represents.' The clerk, with his usual patience, re-examined the statement, and declared that it was 'a' right; and that he was willing to wager his salary upon its correctness. The somewhat puzzled merchant scratched his head with surprise, and commenced adding up both sides of the account for himself. 'I did' na think,' said he, 'that I was worth over four thousand pounds; but ye ha' made me a much richer man. Weel weel, I may ha' been mair successful than I had thought, and I'll na' quarrel wi' myself for being worth six thousand instead.' At early candle-light, the store was regularly closed by the faithful accountant; and as soon as he had gone, the sorely perplexed and incredulous merchant commenced the painful task of going over and examining the accounts for himself. Night after night did he labor in his solitary counting-house alone, to look for the error; but every examination confirmed the correctness of the clerk, until the old Scotchman began to believe it possible that he was really worth 'sax thousand pounds.' Stimulated by this addition to his wealth, he soon felt a desire to improve the condition of his household; and, with that view, made purchase of new furniture, carpets, and other elegancies, consistent with the condition of a man possessing the large fortune of six thousand pounds. Painters and carpenters were set to work to tear down and build up; and in a short time the gloomy-looking residence in Stone-street was renovated to such a degree as to attract the curiosity and envy of all his

neighbors. The doubts of the old man, however, would still obtrude themselves upon his mind; and he determined once more to make a thorough examination of his accounts. On a dark and stormy night he commenced his labors, with the patient and investigating spirit of a man determined to probe the matter to the very bottom. It was past the hour of midnight, yet he had not been able to detect a single error; but still he went on. His heart beat high with hope, for he had nearly reached the end of his labor. A quick suspicion seized his mind as to one item in the account. *Eureka!* He had found it. With the frenzy of a madman, he drew his broad-brimmed white hat over his eyes, and rushed into the street. The rain and storm were nothing to him. He hurried to the residence of his clerk, in Wall street, reached the door, and seized the handle of the huge knocker, with which he rapped until the neighborhood was roused with the 'loud alarm.' The unfortunate clerk poked his night-cap out of an upper story window, and demanded, 'Wha's there?' 'It's me, yon dom scoundrel!' said the frenzied merchant; 'ye've added up the year of our Laird with the pounds.' Such was the fact. The addition of the year of our Lord among the items had swelled the fortune of the merchant some two thousand pounds beyond its actual amount."

NOW THEN TELL ME.—What strange metamorphoses do people undergo every night? They turn into beds.

How may a perfectly good man become a better? By laying a wager.

What may you do legally to eggs which you may not do when they're hatched? Poach them.

Does an Irish cow give buttermilk? No, nothing but her milk.

What assistance does a monarch give his allies when they are weak in artillery? Cannon-aid.

James Benaro, an Italian, was arrested in Cincinnati, on the 9th inst., charged with having committed the Market street murder in Philadelphia in 1843. It is stated that he has confessed the act, but declares he did it in self defence.

The Supreme Court of Illinois met in Springfield on the 8th inst.

The District Court of Illinois commenced its sessions on the 1st inst.

## FOR COLD WEATHER.

WE have just received one bale (all sizes) riband-bound Blankets, medium quality, very cheap; one bale (ditto) superior quality, equally cheap. D. CLAGETT & CO.  
Dec 9—3tf

## CUPPING AND LEECHING.

THE subscriber respectfully returns his thanks to the citizens of Washington and its vicinity for past favors in the above business, and solicits a continuance of the same.

I am prepared to meet the desires with the above business day or night, and it is my wish and intent to give satisfaction to every one that will favor me with a call. Mrs. Devaughan will attend to Ladies' in the above business if desired.

My place of residence is on 9th st. West side, near the corner of E st.

JOHN DEVAUGHAN.

MRS. DEVAUGHAN, wishes to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of Washington and vicinity, that she is prepared to bleach Ladies' Bonnets, and Gentlemen's Summer Hats in a style that will give satisfaction.

CATHARINE D. DEVAUGHAN.

Nov. 18—1m

## EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.

THOMAS PURSELL has just imported, per ships Pacific and Hampden, from Liverpool and other sources, one hundred and thirteen packages of the above articles, of the newest style and from the best manufacturers, such as—French and English china dinner, tea, and toilet Sets, or pieces detached

Canton china, pearl, white, blue, stone china and blue printed, and figured Plates

Dishes, Bowls, Vases, (a great variety)

In a word, his very extensive Stock embraces almost every article usually kept in such establishments.

Dixon's English Britannia Tea and Coffee Sets, and plated Castors

And, also, American Britannia Coffee and tea Sets, or pieces separate

Castors, Lamps, Candlesticks, Mugs, covered Pitchers Table and tea Spoons, Covered Urns and Briggins, &c.

Solar, lard, or oil Lamps  
Lamp Glasses and Wicks, of almost every size  
Ivory-handled and other Knives and Forks, in complete sets or separate

Plated and brass Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays  
Waiters, Looking-Glasses, Shovel and Tong  
Cut, pressed, and plain Tumblers, Wines  
Champagnes, Finger Bowls, Wine Coolers,  
Claret

Decanters, Fruit Baskets, Dishes, Lamps, &c.  
A large assortment of common Ware, suitable for retailing. All of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, as cheap as the very cheapest.

English Pipes in boxes  
First quality Stone Ware at the factory prices.  
As the subscriber is determined to reduce his heavy stock of Goods he intends to sell low, and solicits a call from his friends and the public generally at his store opposite Browns' Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue.

THOMAS PURSELL.

Nov. 18—2m

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT.—For rent, three newly finished houses on D, between 9th and 10th streets, containing nine comfortable rooms in each, brick out-houses, &c. One of the houses I am now furnishing, and to a careful tenant would rent it low for the approaching season. To any person wishing a very comfortable house and convenient location, this house is just such a one. For further particulars apply at

SELBY PARKER'S

Perfumery and Fancy Store, between 9th and 10th streets, Penn. Avenue.